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TURGENEFF AND MUSIC.

BY C. L. GRAVES.

IT may in general be noticed that musicians display a marked similarity in their literary preferences. Apart from considerations of form and rhythm which would naturally appeal with greater force to a cultivated ear, certain authors have always enjoyed an unusual amount of popularity amongst readers in whom the musical instinct predominates. Jean Paul, from the time that Schumann called him his "only Jean Paul," has always exercised this influence. Amongst contemporary writers, however, none has exerted it with more sovereign effect than Turgeneff, and it is our purpose in the following remarks to set forth the causes of this special attraction in a writer to whom, in the words of a critical review, "Europe has been unanimous in according the first rank in contemporary literature."

In the first place Turgeneff possessed that deep love of music innate in the Slavonic race. In a quasi-autobiographical fragment entitled "Monsieur François," he represents that strange personage saying to him on his admission that he was fond of music:—"I might have guessed as much. You are a Slav and all Slavs are music-mad." But a genuine and deep-seated affection for music does not suffice a writer, if that art is to play so important a rôle throughout his works, as it does in the case of Turgeneff. How is it that his allusions apart from their subtle appropriateness are free from the exasperating errors which the average novelist almost invariably perpetrates when he deviates into music? How is it that he has been able to hit the mean between rhapsodical vagueness and pretentious accuracy? The best answer to these questions is to be found in the chapter upon Turgeneff's connection with music in Eugen Zabel's excellent monograph, in which the history of his friendship with Pauline Viardot is given, a friendship so strong that it helped to uproot him from his native soil, and only terminated with his death. This lifelong intimacy with the Viardot household, and the continual contact with accomplished musicians which resulted therefrom, had the effect of educating a naturally fine and sound taste to that high level of discrimination which is observable in his novels. The friendship dates back to a tour in Russia made by Madame Viardot after her marriage, in 1840. Her renown had by that time reached its zenith, while Turgeneff was still comparatively unknown; but the remarkable individuality of each attracted the other, and lapse of years only tended to confirm their attachment, while it equalized their fame. Our readers are already, doubtless, familiar with the chief facts of interest in Madame Viardot's career through the medium of Mrs. Marshall's interesting article noticed a few weeks back in these columns. We may add that Liszt, writing of her in 1859, reckons her amongst the greatest celebrities of her time—worthy of a notable rank in the group which included Pasta, her sister Malibran, Schroeder-Devrient, Rachel, and Ristori, and occupying a unique position by her combination of the excellences of the Italian, French, and German schools, her intellectual versatility, her personal attractiveness, and her fine private character.

It was at Baden-Baden, between the years 1863 and 1870 that Turgeneff, then in the plenitude of his powers, was brought into the closest relationship with the musical activity which radiated from this remarkable woman. Madame Viardot, like a true artist, was not content with having reached the foremost rank amongst executants of her time, but had begun to lay the foundation of a more abiding reputation as a teacher. The Villa Viardot was a school which attracted pupils from far and wide, and in the labours of its gifted mistress Turgeneff took something more than a mere appreciative interest. For the two little operas which

she wrote to give her scholars practical familiarity with the principles of dramatic singing, "The Ogre" and "The last of the Sorcerers," he contributed or adapted the libretti, and before the erection of a small theatre in the garden of the Viardots' house, Turgeneff's neighbouring villa was for several years the scene of these performances. More than this, in the rare cases where an artist friend of the household was not forthcoming to undertake the rôle of the ogre or sorcerer, the novelist himself would good-naturedly consent, as Ludwig Pietsch, quoted by Zabel, tells us, to be teased and made fun of by the young fairies, harem beauties or captives of the play, to the great amusement of the select and favoured audiences who witnessed these representations. Otherwise he was generally to be found behind the piano, where Madame Viardot was installed as accompanist, when not acting the part of the prince-lover in her own inimitable fashion.

The influence of this daily contact with music and musicians could not fail of fruitful results in a nature so refined and observant as that of Turgeneff. His works, with few exceptions, abound in admirably pointed and suggestive allusions to music, introduced with unerring instinct and lightness of touch, and revealing a remarkable appreciation of the essentials of artistic, and the causes of inartistic, execution. Notice, too, how in this connection he avoided anything that savoured of pedantry—such as the device of musical headings to chapters—just as carefully as he eschewed anything approaching to gush or sentimentality. This is all the more remarkable when we consider, as Zabel has pointed out, that music so often serves to bring together his lovers and helps them to declare that for which they cannot find words. "In the harmony of their opinions about a piece of music they discover that their hearts are in unison. It is almost invariably one of the German romanticists, such as Schubert, Weber, or Schumann, who serves as a bridge. The writer makes them act as interpreters of hidden feelings to those hearts which would otherwise have remained misunderstood throughout life, because their souls could not express themselves in speech." Perhaps a trace of that prejudice which occasionally animated Turgeneff in his pictures of aristocratic life is perceptible in that amusing scene in *Fumée*, in which, after describing how one of the "Kursaal generals" was perpetually humming the first verse of the "Deux Gendarmes,"—out of tune, of course,—he adds, "A Russian noble who does not sing out of tune is a being whom we have yet to discover." The comparative absence of all mention of music in *Terres Vierges* is an instructive commentary upon those well-worn lines of Shakespeare,

"The man that hath not music in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,"

just as the scorn expressed by the Nihilist Bazarof in *Pères et enfants*, for a middle-aged man who played the violoncello is characteristic of his harsh and intractable nature. If his personages ever play instruments there is always an appropriateness in their choice. In one of his shorter novels the lover, Fustow, a man of weakly physique and irresolute character, is a great amateur of the zither, whilst the step-father of his betrothed, a harsh and violent man, plays the bassoon. On the genius of these two instruments in the hands of these characters he has some curious remarks: "I have already remarked that Fustow played the zither excellently; nevertheless this instrument always exercised a painful impression upon me. It always seemed to me—and even to this day I cannot rid myself of the notion—as though the soul of a Jewish usurer was imprisoned in the zither, and was now forced to sing through its nose; and, moreover, kept moaning and complaining against the relentless virtuoso to whom it nevertheless was unable to refuse obedience. Herr Ratsch's fashion

of handling his instrument did not please me any better. Besides, his suddenly-flushed face, with its pale maliciously-blinking eyes, assumed a threatening expression. One felt he would like to knock some one down with his bassoon, and was menacing and mocking in anticipation, so uncannily sounded the hoarse, compressed, and unwieldy notes." In another story a performance of Verdi's *Traviata* is made to reflect the feelings of two leading characters who witness it, with the subtlest art. Of the actual musicians who figure amongst his *dramatis personæ* we may single out the grotesque old Italian singer in "Les eaux printanières" and the German Lemm in "Une nichée de Gentilshommes." The latter is a pathetic figure, in whom the play of genius has been cruelly hampered by the struggle for existence, and whom fate has inexorably driven farther and farther from the beloved land of his birth.

Turgeneff's remarkable impartiality, which M. Renan commented upon in the discourse pronounced over his friend's grave, could hardly be expected to extend to the sphere of music; and Zabel ingeniously points out how his known antagonism to Wagner is betrayed in a passage in *Clara Militch*, where his hero takes his departure from a *soirée* just as a pianist is beginning a fantasia by Liszt upon Wagnerian themes. The character of Clara Militch herself is admirably portrayed in the style of her singing; and the choice of her songs is strangely appropriate to the course which events are taking. One of the few touches of humour which light up the sombre hues prevailing throughout this most eerie tale is in reference to a *matinée* given under the patronage of a Georgian princess of dubious antecedents. Amongst the other performers was "a boy of twelve years old, with his hair pomaded and curled, but with traces of tears in his eyes, who scratched some variation or other on the violin. What seemed strange was, that during the intervals between the music and recitations, the spasmodic notes of a cornet-à-piston emerged from time to time from the artist's room, although this instrument never appeared. It transpired afterwards that the amateur who had volunteered to play it had been seized with a sudden panic at the moment of presenting himself to the public." As the title indicates, our interest is actively engaged in *Le chant de l'amour triomphant* from the moment that this melody is played by Muzio. It marks the beginning of the sinister enchantment to which the guileless Valeria is subjected, and its recurrence on the last page is coupled with the vague and horrible suggestion with which this brilliant romance abruptly terminates.

No one who is not a student of Turgeneff can realize the unsatisfactoriness of thus endeavouring to give some account of one of the causes of the peculiar charm which resides in all his works. A French critic has aptly compared such a process to that of seizing the wings of a butterfly. But the relation in which he stood to music was so remarkable as to justify an effort not previously made, except by Zabel. The effect which the art produces on the simple minds of the Russian peasants is the keynote of the tale published in another column.

HISTORY OF THE PRIMA DONNA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 148.)

Regina Mingotti, born Valentini, was in her youth a servant-pupil at a convent. But she hated drudgery, and to escape housework resolved to turn to what account she could her fresh and beautiful voice. She began her career, as several *prime donne* have imprudently done, by marrying a manager; while some have in like manner sacrificed themselves to the

relentless enterprise of a singing master. Such marriages are, probably, to be explained less by native folly on the part of the young vocalist than by a desire to be placed as soon and as advantageously as possible before the public. It was on an aged *impresario* named Mingotti that Regina Valentini threw herself away. Nor, strangely enough, does she appear to have done so with any view of appearing on the stage, her primary motive in getting married being simply to escape the labours imposed on her at the convent. But having once secured his prize, Mingotti placed the young girl under the tuition of Porpora, known as the rival, at one time of Hasse, at another of Handel.

Mingotti's talent had, of course, no charm for Hasse; and in imitation of the professor in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who, wishing to revenge himself upon his rival, threatened that he would "tear him in the style of Juvénal"—"Je le déchirerai en style de Juvénal"—Hasse wrote a series of epigrams against Porpora, in one of which he declared, without any apparent point, that Mingotti was the last branch he had to cling to. Much cleverer than his epigrams against Hasse was a device of Porpora to which he resorted with the view of exhibiting the supposed weakness of Mingotti's voice. She was to appear in a new opera of Hasse's; and the treacherous maestro wrote for her an adagio which rose and fell upon the very notes which he considered the most doubtful in her really perfect voice. What, however, had been intended as a trap, served only to display Mingotti's exceptional merits, both of voice and style.

When Mingotti appeared in London, her singing was such that, in the words of Burney, "it discovered her to be a perfect mistress of her art." Some, however, were of opinion that (again to quote Burney), she "would have been even more irresistible if she had had a little more female grace and softness."

Mingotti had made her first appearance at Dresden; and with so much success, that Faustina's hurried retreat from that highly musical capital was attributed, probably not without reason, to jealousy. She was heard for the first time in London during the winter season of 1754, and her singing had the effect of reviving the fortunes of Italian opera in England; not, until Mingotti's advent, very flourishing. Her husband had, apparently, departed from the theatre of this world. The manager of the London opera-house was, at this time, Vaneschi, and a dispute between the *impresario* and the favourite vocalist gradually developed until at length it took the form of one of those feuds so frequent in the history of music.

The differences between Mingotti and her manager were terminated by the bankruptcy of the latter. Then this adventurous prima donna herself undertook the direction of the opera-house, and, encountering the fate which has hitherto attended, with scarcely one exception, every operatic manager in England, lost all that she had invested in the enterprise. Happily she was not reduced, like poor Cuzzoni, to the necessity of doing manual labour for a livelihood. Dr. Burney, who called upon her in 1772, at Munich, where she had established herself, found that for an impoverished person she was occupying a very agreeable position. "She seemed," he says, "to live very comfortably, was well received at court, and esteemed by all who were able to judge of her understanding and enjoy her conversation. It gave me great pleasure to hear her speak concerning practical music, which she does with as much intelligence as any *maestro di cappella* with whom I ever conversed. Her knowledge of singing and powers of expression in different styles are truly amazing, and must delight all such as can receive satisfaction from song, unconnected with the blandishments of youth and beauty. She speaks three languages—German, French, and Italian—

so well that it is difficult to say which of them is her own. English she likewise speaks, and Spanish, well enough to converse in them, and understands Latin, but in the three languages first mentioned she is truly eloquent."

Caterina Gabrielli, the last of the great *prime donne* who figured at our Italian Opera House during the eighteenth century, was, sad to relate, the daughter of a cook. She was born at Rome. Her father was in the service of Gabrielli, the celebrated cardinal; and it was through the good offices of His Eminence that the young girl was enabled to receive a musical education. Her father knew that Caterina possessed talent; but he was not rich enough to place her under a singing-master. He took her from time to time to the Argentina Theatre, where she heard good singers in the best operas; and such was her memory that on her return home she would repeat, in her own untutored way, the principal airs from these works. One day the cardinal, walking in his garden, overheard her performances, and was struck by them. The youthful Caterina was trilling forth an *aria* of Galuppi's, and with such brilliancy that the cardinal made her go through her entire repertory, after which he determined to give her the best instruction that could be obtained. He entrusted her, first to Garcia—Spagnoletto, as he was called—and afterwards to Porpora. Then, to complete her training, he sent her to the Conservatorio di Venice, the direction of which had recently passed from the hands of Galuppi to those of Sacchini.

(To be continued.)

WITH LISZT.

From Miss FAY'S *Music-Study in Germany*.

(Continued from page 150.)

CHAPTER XIX.

Liszt's Expression in Playing—Liszt on Conservatories—Ordeal of Liszt's Lessons—Liszt's Kindness.

WEIMAR, June 19, 1873.

In Liszt I can at last say that my ideal in *something* has been realized. He goes far beyond all that I expected. Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks when he sits at the piano I never saw, and yet he is almost an old man now.* I enjoy him as I would an exquisite work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses, and that is saying a good deal, because I've heard so much music, and *never* have been affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine, never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever suffered comes before one again. Who was it that I heard say once, that years ago he saw Clara Schumann sitting in tears near the platform, during one of Liszt's performances? Liszt knows well the influence he has on people, for he always fixes his eyes on some one of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring our hearts. When he plays a passage, and goes *pearling* down the keyboard, he often looks over at me and smiles, to see whether I am appreciating it.

But I doubt if he feels any particular emotion himself when he is piercing you through with his rendering. He is simply hearing every tone, knowing exactly what effect he wishes to produce and how to do it. In fact, he is practically two persons in one—the listener and the performer. But what immense self-command that implies! No matter how fast he plays you always feel that there is "plenty of time"—no need to be anxious! You might as well try to move one of the pyramids as fluster him. Tausig possessed this repose in a technical way, and his touch was marvellous; but he never drew the tears to your eyes. He could not wind himself through all the subtle labyrinths of the heart as Liszt does.

* Liszt was born in 1811.

Liszt does such bewitching little things! The other day, for instance, Fräulein Gaul was playing something to him, and in it were two runs, and after each run two staccato chords. She did them most beautifully, and struck the chords immediately after. "No, no," said Liszt; "after you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause, as if to say, 'How nicely I did that.'" Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second, and then struck the two chords in the treble, saying as he did so "Bra-vo," and then he played again, struck the other chord, and said again "Bra-vo," and positively, it was as if the piano had softly applauded! That is the way he plays everything. It seems as if the piano were speaking with a *human* tongue.

Our class has swelled to about a dozen persons now, and a good many others come and play to him once or twice and then go. As I wrote to L. the other day, that dear little scholar of Henselt, Fräulein Kahrer, was one, but she only stayed three days. She was a most interesting little creature, and told some funny stories about Henselt, who she says has a most violent temper, and is very severe. She said that one day he was giving a lesson to Princess Katherina (whoever that is), and he was so enraged over her playing that he snatched away the music, and dashed it to the ground. The Princess, however, did not lose her equanimity, but folded her arms and said, "Who shall pick it up?" And he had to bend and restore it to its place.

I've never seen Liszt look angry but once, but then he was terrific. Like a lion! It was one day when a student from the Stuttgard Conservatory attempted to play the Sonata Appassionata. He had a good deal of technique, and a moderately good conception of it, but still he was totally inadequate to the work—and indeed, only a *mighty* artist like Tausig or Bülow ought to attempt to play it. It was a hot afternoon, and the clouds had been gathering for a storm. As the Stuttgardter played the opening notes of the sonata, the tree-tops suddenly waved wildly, and a low growl of thunder was heard muttering in the distance. "Ah," said Liszt, who was standing at the window, with his delicate quickness of perception, "a fitting accompaniment." If Liszt had only played it himself, the whole thing would have been like a poem. But he walked up and down the room and forced himself to listen, though he could scarcely bear it, I could see. A few times he pushed the student aside and played a few bars himself, and we saw the passion leap up into his face like a glare of sheet lightning. Anything so magnificent as it was, the little that he *did* play, and the startling individuality of his conception, I never heard or imagined. I felt as if I did not know whether I were "in the body or out of the body."—GLORIOUS BEING! He is a two-edged sword that cuts through everything.

The Stuttgardter made some such glaring mistakes, not in the notes, but in rhythm, etc., that at last Liszt burst out with, "You come from Stuttgardt, and play like *that*!" and then he went on in a tirade against Conservatories and teachers in general. He was like a thunderstorm himself. He frowned, and bent his head, and his long hair fell over his face, while the poor Stuttgardter sat there like a beaten hound. Oh, it was awful! If it had been I, I think I should have withered entirely away, for Liszt is always so amiable that the contrast was all the stronger. "*Aber das geht Sie nichts an*" (But that does not concern you), said he, in a conciliatory tone, suddenly stopping himself and smiling. "*Spielen Sie weiter*" (Play on). He meant that it was not at the student but at the Conservatories that he had been angry.

(To be continued.)

LISZT'S "LEGEND OF SAINT ELIZABETH."

[SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

THE first half of the oratorio, an analytical account of which appeared in our last issue, is calculated by the beauty of its melodies, and the charm of the subject, to please all schools of musicians, not merely the composer's closest adherents. The scenes of childhood, the miracle of the roses, and the Crusaders' march, are sure of a favourable reception wherever they are heard, and for their enjoyment no previous knowledge or prepossession in favour of Liszt's works is necessary. A hard line seems drawn between this first part and the second. In

the first we trace the hand that wrote the Hungarian Rhapsodies, the "Années de Pèlerinage," and the "Graner Messe"—when, by the way, are we to hear this last in London?—in the second there looms before us the possibility of the Dante symphony and the oratorio *Christus*. Liszt's admirers may be divided into two classes, one of which is called half-hearted by the other. It is to this class that the line of demarcation will appear most plainly. There is ample justification for the change of style in the second part of the work, for the saint's trials do not begin until this point is reached.

The fourth of the large scenes into which, as we pointed out, the oratorio is divided, is labelled "Landgravine Sophie," and treats of the barbarous cruelty shown to Elizabeth, after her husband's death, by her ambitious mother-in-law. No pains are spared by the composer to make the character of the older Landgravine repulsive. The principle that the villain should be distinctly labelled as such, in order to prevent mistakes, is carried out in the music allotted to the character of the Seneschal (bass). The personage last named hears from the Landgravine the news of Ludwig's death in the Holy Land, and expresses his grief in tones of far greater sincerity than hers. A foreboding of Elizabeth's coming trouble has already been heard, in the opening bars of the scene, by means of the motive associated with her character, which is given out in sorrowful guise by the clarinet. When the first words have been spoken, a phrase is heard, admirably calculated to reflect the Landgravine's relentless ambition, and to serve as an accompaniment to the utterance of her command that Elizabeth is to be driven forth from the castle. The seneschal's mild expostulations are disregarded, and he is apparently sent to bring the widowed saint into the presence of his angry mistress. A characteristic and expressive subject of four descending notes, handed from the violoncello to the oboes, flutes and horns, successively leads to, and forms the theme of, Elizabeth's solo, "O day of mourning." The sadness and gloom of the ensuing dialogue is transiently illumined by a somewhat unsaintly allusion on the part of Elizabeth to her lofty rank, and a corresponding appearance of the "Hungarian" motive. The mention of a storm that is lowering gives the opportunity for an orchestral presentment of bad weather, in which the descending phrase above mentioned is prominently used. A short ensemble, more conventional in structure than we should have expected, leads to Elizabeth's appeal for mercy on her children, which is, of course, disregarded. Her touching farewell to the home in which such happy days have been passed, is accompanied by her own characteristic theme, almost in its original form; and as she goes forth with her children, the "Hungarian" subject is heard on the first violin and violoncello, *pizzicato*, giving an admirable suggestion of her dignified attitude in departure. An ascending phrase, developed from part of the "Elizabeth" motive, is used here and subsequently to depict her exile. The scene closes with an almost melodramatic portrayal of the storm, the alarm of the Landgravine and her servant, and the conflagration of the castle. The phrase connected with the Landgravine's ambition, and subsequently that in which Elizabeth's grief is expressed, are used with great effect in the brass instruments. The scene may be supposed to change as the tempest exhausts itself, and the "Elizabeth" motive, together with the subject of exile, prepares us for the next division of the work.

This fifth scene, unlike the rest, has no pause before it. Called simply "Elizabeth," it treats of the saint's good actions and death. Her opening soliloquy, "Now peace to earth is given," is extremely beautiful, and will be easily followed. A lovely passage, built on the "Hungarian" theme, in which the

most prominent parts are taken by the flutes and first violin, accompanies the narration of her childish memories. The ensuing prayer for Hungary is elaborately and most skilfully orchestrated, and is succeeded by a long instrumental passage, built on a new theme in common time, beginning in F sharp major, and descending in a long diatonic sequence to A major. The repetition of this passage at the hour of her death suggests that at its first occurrence it is used prophetically. It leads into the quaint "chorus of the poor," built upon an old Hungarian hymn in honour of Saint Elizabeth, which was found in a devotional book called "Lyra Cœlestis." This is merged finally into a beautiful passage of broad six-part harmony. The recitative, "Now cooler grows the air," prepares us for the death of the saint. The two beautiful subjects connected respectively with her exile and death are here combined, and presently the "Elizabeth" motive is heard in the dialogue between the first violin and oboe with harp accompaniment. After her last words, a slow "melisma" on the flute leads to the aforesaid repetition of the diatonic sequence, this time starting and ending in G major, and given at first to flutes, clarinets, and a solo violin, then to all the strings. This is immediately followed by a semi-chorus of angels, of beautiful simplicity, beginning in G, and after a modulation to the chord of the six-four on C sharp, accompanied on the harmonium, the presence of which peculiarly unangelic instrument is expressly required in the full score. It is used even when the full chorus and most of the orchestra have entered, and does not cease until a few bars before the close of the scene. It is impossible to estimate the effect of this curious addition to the score until it has been heard, but it is difficult to imagine that any beauty can result from its use. To substitute the vocalion, as possessing a far greater degree of purity in its tone, would scarcely be to disobey the wish of the composer.

The orchestral interlude which prepares for the final scene, "Elizabeth's canonization," need not be analyzed in detail. It is a recapitulation of all the principal themes in the work, beginning with the "chorus of the poor," with an accompaniment of drums and a deep-toned bell. The "Elizabeth" motive soon appears in common time, *allegro moderato*, in quite a new form; and it is followed by a new subject, starting on the dominant of E major, and allotted to strings and wood-wind. This is interrupted by the "Crusader" theme, or intonation and subsequently by the "Hungarian" subject, this time treated in a dialogue between the strings and trumpets. The "trio" of the Crusaders' march comes in to complete the number of the leading themes. We may imagine this movement to illustrate the assembling together of all the dramatic elements for the final scene. The Emperor Frederick II. appears, and in his recitative, which is accompanied by some of the more prominent themes, adjures the multitude to do homage to the departed saint. An extremely effective funeral march and chorus is built upon a foundation derived from the "chorus of the poor." A broadly-conceived passage of invocation to St. Elizabeth is followed by a chorus of warriors in praise of Ludwig, accompanied, of course, by the "Crusader" theme; and this leads, without a break, into a full chorus of church-choristers. The subject of this chorus is a derivative, though not a very obvious one, from the "Elizabeth" motive. It is developed at considerable length, and its common time is relinquished for the entry of the principal theme in its original triple time and in the key of E major. The common time is resumed at the close, and the first four notes of the subject are used as a kind of *basso ostinato*, on which is built the final Amen.

The two last divisions of the work may be enjoyed with scarcely more trouble than the three first, for the sustained power here shown cannot fail to impress even those who

hesitate to accept all that comes from the great virtuoso-composer. The full score is published at Leipzig by Messrs. Kahnt & Co.; a pianoforte version, with English words by Miss Constance Bache, by Messrs. Novello & Co.

Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE PRINCESS.

(From *Sleeping Beauty*.)

Whither away, my heart?
Tell me, whither thou ledest?
What does thy throbbing impart?
Is it hopeful or fearful thou art?
Is it promise or warning thou heedest?

Hidden the future lies:
But see! from the clouds among,
Fantastic forms seem to rise,
And the lustre of luminous eyes
And the distant voice of a song.

Let us listen, my heart, to that voice,
Let us float on its musical tide,
Whether bidden to mourn or rejoice
We ask not, we have no choice;
Let us follow, my heart, let us glide!

French Version.

BY MADLLE, AUGUSTA HOLMÈS.

Où t'en vas-tu, mon cœur?
Ô mon cœur, est-ce vers la tristesse,
Est-ce vers le bonheur?
Entends-tu quelque douce promesse.
Dans l'air plein de langueurs?

Une brème étoilée
S'élève sur mes pas!
Qui donc es-tu, forme ailée
Qui souris et me tends les bras?

Des chansons lointaines et vagues,
Comme la voix des flots,
Semblent me bercer sur des vagues
D'harmonie et de lents sanglots!

Écoutez, Ô mon cœur! Il faut suivre
Cette voix qui me trouble et m'enivre!
Est-ce vers la joie ou le tourment
Que nous mène cet enchantement?
Oh! qu'importe, mon cœur! Il faut suivre!
Cette voix qui me trouble et m'enivre.

Occasional Notes.

The tongues with which, in the play, the coat of Rumour is painted, have, during the last week, continued to wag in reference to the conductorship of the Royal Academy of Music, vacated by the resignation of Mr. Shakespeare. These tongues we are able to silence by the following statement, which comes to us from the most authoritative source. If at any time it was the intention to make Mr. Davenport the successor of Mr. Shakespeare, that intention has been abandoned. On the day after the committee meeting last week, a letter from Sir George Macfarren was received by Mr. Barnby, offering him the appointment. In case, as we have reason to hope, he accepts, much ado will for once end in an excellent thing.

The *Gazetta Musicale* gives some interesting particulars about the recently discovered fragments of Bellini's opera *Ernani* which have been examined by one of its contributors, Signor A. Amore. There are in all fifty pages, more or less,

covered by music. The andante in the duet between Ernani and Elvira, of which so much has been said, turns out to be identical with the melody, "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima," in the trio from the finale of *Norma*.

Amongst those who witnessed the riotous proceedings at Her Majesty's on Saturday, and remained to the very last, was the great Augustus Harris. In the absence of the "authorities," he assumed the part of Neptune in the *Æneid*, beaming with godlike quiescence on the turbulent waters, talking kindly to the excited supers, who knew him to a man, and pointing out to them that instead of disgracing themselves and scrambling for coppers, they should appeal to the legitimate channels of professional charity.

With his genuine pity for these poor people there was mixed, no doubt, a certain half-conscious feeling of triumph. At his theatre, singers and dancers and actors and scene-shifters do not look forward with a feeling of apprehension to pay-day; and his dream of beautiful women is not disturbed by any fear of how they are to be fed and (some of them very scantily) clothed. But then, of course, he relies upon pantomime and Human Nature, and his English operatic season is limited to one month in the year, when he has Mr. Carl Rosa to back him. The moral of the tale is obvious enough, and an imaginative painter might make a fine historic and symbolic design of "Augustus gazing upon the Last Days of Italian Opera."

Mr. Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty* seems to have been a genuine success in Paris, and the performance has attracted a good deal of attention in the French press. The amateur choristers of the "Concordia" Society evidently liked the music, and were eager to do full justice to the intentions of the composer and conductor. Even the instrumentation, reduced to piano, double quartet, contrabassi, harp, and triangle, seems not to have been without effect.

A material element in the success was no doubt the excellent translation of the libretto, prepared by Mdlle. Augusta Holmès, herself a well-known composer. It is a model of how work of this kind should be done. The diction, the metre, and even the sentiment of the poem are thoroughly French, and yet the spirit of the original is essentially preserved. We print in another column the "Song of the Princess," both in English and French. In the opinion of the poet the transcription—for it is a transcription rather than a literal translation—reads better than his own composition. It will be a long time before foreign authors (provided they know English, and are not too polite to speak the truth) are likely to say the same of our versions manufactured for musical purposes. This is one of the things they do better abroad.

Madame Adeline Patti took her-farewell of the Barcelona public at a grand vocal and instrumental concert given for the benefit of the Hospital at Santa Cruz. The enthusiasm displayed was something remarkable, even in the experience of this famous singer. "The public here," she writes to a friend, "are very enthusiastic. They scream between each phrase so that sometimes one gets quite frightened. On my last night they covered me with flowers and souvenirs, and brought me a most magnificent serenade. I had forty-six calls. You can imagine how tired I was afterwards. And I was obliged still to receive all the abonnés after the serenade so as to thank them for all their kindness to us; for really no country has ever treated us better." Madame Patti left Barcelona last Saturday to proceed to Valencia, and thence to Madrid and Lisbon.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE THIRTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1886,*To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.*

Programme.

PART I.—Sonata in A major, Op. 69, for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Beethoven), Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti; Song, "Pupille sdegnose" (Handel), Miss Hope Glenn; Sonata in E minor, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone (Grieg), Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

PART II.—Concerto for two Violins, with Pianoforte accompaniment (Bach), Madame Norman-Neruda and Herr Joachim, accompanied by Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Song, "Gentle Youth" (Dr. Arne), Miss Hope Glenn; Quintet in B flat, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello (Mendelssohn), Herr Joachim, Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. Straus, A. Gibson and Piatti.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Programme

FOR
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 13, 1886,*To commence at Three o'clock precisely.*

Quartet in G major, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Mozart), MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "I've earth below and the Heaven above" (A. C. Mackenzie), Mr. Harper Kearton; Impromptu in F sharp, for Pianoforte alone (Chopin), Miss Fanny Davies; Sonata, "Il trillo del diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (Tartini), Herr Joachim; Songs, "My love is like a red red rose" (Franz), "A morning song" (Rubinstein), Mr. Harper Kearton; Serenade Trio in D major, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (Beethoven), MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, March 13, at Three o'clock. Vocalists, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel. Solo Violin, Mr. R. Gompertz. Programme will include Symphony in D, No. 2 of Salomon Set (Haydn); Violin Concerto, composed for Birmingham Festival (A. P. Mackenzie), first time at Palace; Violin Solo (Sarasate); and Selection from Second Suite "Eal Costume" (Rubinstein). Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

LONDON, 1886.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

HERMANN FRANKE'S
CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS.

THE FOURTH CONCERT will take place on Tuesday evening, March 23, 1886, at Half-past Eight o'clock. Artists: Mr. Franke's Vocal Quartet, consisting of Miss Hamlin (Soprano), Miss Lena Little (Alto), Mr. W. J. Winch (Tenor), and Mr. O. Fisher (Bass). Conductor, Mr. Theodor Franzen, assisted at the Piano by Miss Amy Hare; MM. C. Deichmann, H. Krause, C. Ould, &c.

POPULAR PRICES (no restriction as to Evening Dress). Reserved Seats, 5s. and 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Manager, Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius. H. Franke's Office, 2, Vere Street, London, W.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

BEETHOVEN'S WORKS.

PIANOFORTE ALONE. PIANOFORTE WITH INSTRUMENTS.
VOCAL MUSIC.

GIVEN BY

Madame JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.

THE NINETEENTH MEETING (last but one of the Fourth and Last Series) will take place on Saturday, March 20, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Beethoven's Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte; Raff's Third Sonata, for pianoforte and violin; and Brahms's Quintet, in F minor, Op. 34. Executants, Madame Viard-Louis, MM. J. T. Carrodus, B. Carrodus, Ellis, Roberts, and G. Libotton; Vocalist, Madame Rose Hersee; Accompanist, Mr. Lindsay Sloper; Grand Pianoforte, by Collard & Collard.—Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE SUMMER SERIES OF NINE
RICHTER CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1886.	MONDAY, MAY 31, 1886.
MONDAY, MAY 10, "	MONDAY, JUNE 7, "
MONDAY, MAY 17, "	MONDAY, JUNE 21, "
MONDAY, MAY 24, "	MONDAY, JUNE 28, "
MONDAY, JULY 5, 1886.	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NINE CONCERTS:

Sofa Stalls, £5. Stalls or Balcony Stalls, £3 10 0

SINGLE TICKETS:

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-
Area or Gallery, 2/5.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SEÑOR SARASATE'S
FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886.	SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.
SATURDAY, MAY 1, "	SATURDAY, MAY 22, "
SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.	

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 5/- Balcony, 3/-
Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. & MRS. HENSCHEL'S
VOCAL RECITAL,

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1886.

AT A QUARTER PAST EIGHT.

TICKETS:

Reserved Seats, 10/6. Unreserved Seats, 5/- and 2/6.

Tickets for any of the above Concerts may be obtained of—
Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
Messrs. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
Mr. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street;
Mr. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;
Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, 168, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.;
Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 41, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at
the Langham Hotel;
Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
Mr. M. BARR, 80, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station;
Mr. AUSTIN's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.
MANAGER, MR. N. VERT, 52, NEW BOND STREET, W.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 1, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co.'s, 68 & 70 Wardour Street, London, W. (temporary premises during rebuilding, at No. 58.) Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAI," London.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to THE MUSICAL WORLD is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

A MUSICAL RIOT,

THE gift of Cassandra, the prophetess of evil, with which this journal seems endowed by the gods, is becoming alarming to its leading spirit. No sooner do we write an article on the absurdity of playing from memory, than M. de Pachmann breaks down in Chopin's F minor Concerto, which he knows and plays better than any virtuoso alive. No sooner do we indulge in a little poetic humour on the subject of the "Musical Unemployed," than it becomes hideously real at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is true that neither the Dramatic Prima Donna, nor the Sentimental Mezzo, nor yet the formidable Basso took part in the unruly proceedings, a full account of which appears in another column. All these, having suffered, bore their sufferings with dignity; and one of them, a young Russian girl, whose name (Alexandra Bojenko) should be remembered in history, took arms against the waves of popular fury when at their highest. These foreigners behaved with much more propriety, we are sorry to say, than some of our indigenous orchestral players, who struck in the midst of a performance which they should never have begun. Distinctions here, also, should be made. The grave double-bass, the sonorous violoncello, the mellow viola, were more sensible of their duty than the majority of the impetuous first violins; most recalcitrant of all proved, curiously enough, the soft clarinets; and one of the German flutes remembering, no doubt, the well-known conundrum about the evil of two, was, by its absence, conspicuous amongst the "locked out." "Artists and gentlemen" should feel too much respect for Gounod's great work (to say nothing of the public peace) to vent their grievances, however just, at its cost. The poor scene-shifters and supers must be judged more leniently. With empty pockets and empty stomachs it is difficult to reason, and an ideal standard of dignity is apt to be obscured by these too tangible realities.

Where, all this time, was M. Carillon, "the sole lessee and manager," is the pertinent question of some of the papers. During the whole of the proceedings he remained as invisible as the police. Having emptied the till of its last penny, he probably went home to enjoy the repose which is said to belong to a good conscience. By this time, no doubt, he has returned to his native land, a wiser and a happier man, gloating over the golden guineas of which he has despoiled

the unwary Islanders, who never think of inquiring into a man's solvency or antecedents before they allow him to open one of the largest theatres in London. Let us hope that he will never again ring the changes of his chime, in the Haymarket at least. It requires no great faculty of seeing ourselves as others see us to imagine the thoughts of intelligent foreigners, on and off the stage, with regard to the way in which we manage theatrical affairs in this country. If these thoughts should make them more cautious in their search for English money and in their confidence in managers English and foreign, the operatic collapse of last Saturday will at least have one good result.

The influence of that collapse on the immediate future of Italian Opera in this country has naturally been a matter of much speculation. To argue the impossibility of such an institution, if reasonably conducted, would be somewhat premature. There were, indeed, one or two distinctly hopeful points in the gloomy picture. The company engaged by the ingenious Carillon was, with few exceptions, scarcely of the fifth, or even sixth, order; and the performances of *Lucia* and *Il Trovatore* had shown as bad an ensemble as if a star of the first magnitude had been engaged to atone for the deficiency. Yet on Saturday the house was crowded, and during the first part of the performance extremely good-tempered. Is it then impossible, one asks, that even a third-rate Italian company, with a fairly good repertoire, and with a certain amount of capital to provide for a rainy day, would succeed in making both ends meet? We believe that there is a chance of such a consummation, although it is no doubt a remote one. Generally speaking, the prospects of opera are extremely precarious in this and in other countries. The institution itself has assumed such dimensions, the demands of the public are so exacting now-a-days, and the willingness of sacrifice in commensurate proportion is so small, that one does not see how the debit and credit of the account are ever to be balanced. Mr. Rosa's prosperity is, indeed, a shining light in the surrounding darkness; but even he has to feed that light from provincial supplies; London alone could not, or would not, support him sufficiently. Neither does government or municipal aid seem to meet the difficulty. In our Paris correspondence to-day an instance is given of the low state to which the greatest and the most amply-supported lyrical stage in the world has sunk amongst a nation which loves the theatre more than it does the church. In Berlin, also, and in Vienna, things are at a low ebb. From Vienna, our correspondent complains that so stupid a piece as Nessler's *Trompeter von Säckingen* reigns supreme. The Intendant of the Berlin Opera, Herr von Hülsen, known to fame through Bülow's *bon-mot* about the "Circus Hülsen," was one of the last to acknowledge the genius of Wagner. So far from fostering higher artistic feeling, the security guaranteed by the State apparently leads to nothing but bureaucratic arrogance and stagnation. What, then, is to become of opera, English or foreign, state-supported, or purely speculative? We prefer not to bring our prophetic gift to bear upon the subject, for fear of its meeting with a too speedy realization.

"Musical World" Stories.

A VILLAGE CONTEST.

By IVAN TURGENEFF.

(Continued from page 155.)

At last, worn out with fatigue, I drew near to the abode of Nicolai Ivanytch. My arrival, of course, produced among the little children an astonishment bordering on stupor; among the dogs a dissatisfaction, expressed in sounds so shrill that the unhappy animals seemed like to die of barking, vying in their coughing and contortions, as if they were all attacked by a fit of convulsions. However, I reached the tavern, and as I advanced, suddenly there stood before me on the threshold a tall hatless man, wearing a coat or cape of coarse material with long rough nap, and a band of some thin blue material round his waist. He was evidently a servant—some footman belonging to the neighbourhood. Thick grey hair bristled in great disorder over his dry, wrinkled face. He was calling someone, and to aid his voice he used his arms, swinging them violently in all directions, much farther than he could have intended. Evidently the liquor had got into his head.

"Come on, I say, come on!" he called out indistinctly, raising with an effort his swollen eyelids and long lashes. "Come along, Morgatch, come along! Oh, what a sight you are, brother! You are crawling—positively crawling! That's very bad, you know; very bad. They are waiting for you indoors; and you, you—you are positively crawling. C-c-come along!"

"All right, I'm coming," answered a little bleating voice; and from behind the house emerged a big-bodied little lame man. He wore a neat little cloth jacket, one sleeve on, the other swinging by his side. On his head, pulled down to his eyebrows, was a pointed cap, which gave a quick, mocking expression to his round knobby face. His little yellow eyes were never at rest. His thin lips curved with a restrained yet somewhat forced smile. His long, pointed nose went before him like the prow of a galley. "I'm coming, old man," he continued, tacking towards the tavern-door; "but what makes you call me in that fashion, and who is waiting for me in there?"

"Why am I calling you!" rejoined he of the cape, in a tone of friendly reproach; "what a funny fellow you are! I holloa for you to come to the kabatchok, and you ask me why? Who are waiting for you inside? Why, jolly companions everyone, and right good fellows. There's Turk-Iachka and Diki-Barin, and that contractor from Jizdra. Iachka has made a bet with the contractor. The loser is to stand a gallon of beer, and the wager is as to which of them can sing best—do you see?"

"Is Iachka going to sing? Do you really mean it, Obaldouï," said Morgatch, eagerly.

"I do," replied Obaldouï, proudly, "but that's a silly question. Of course Iachka will sing, because he has made a bet. What a fool you must be not to understand that, and what a boor to think I am telling a lie."

"Well, Simplicity; * let us go in! let us go in," said Morgatch.

"Yes; but at least embrace me, dear heart," mumbled Obaldouï, opening wide his arms.

"There's a bear, with his pretty baby tricks! Get out!" answered Morgatch roughly, pushing Obaldouï back with his fist.

They went in, Morgatch erect, but the giant bending almost double under the low, clumsy lintel of the door.

The dialogue which, by not obtruding, I had overheard, had the effect of keenly arousing my curiosity. This was not the first time I had heard of Turk-Iachka. He was famed as the best singer in those parts, and what a stroke of luck was this to have a chance of hearing him contend for mastery with some rival in renown. The conjuncture struck me as eminently fortunate. Boldly and rapidly I entered the tavern, resolved to inconvenience no one, but to see and hear everything.

Probably very few of my readers are acquainted with our country taverns, and fewer still can have studied them attentively. But where

* Nicknames are very common in Russia. Some, like Simplicity here applied to Obaldouï, are used only occasionally; others, like Morgatch (The Blinker), become the familiar title of the person nicknamed.

do not we sportsmen go? Their exterior is that of a hut, and the arrangement of their interior is very simple. The interior of a village tavern in our parts consists of a little gloomy antechamber and a big room called in Russian "Beelaia izba," i.e., the white or light room. It is divided into two by a partition, beyond which, no one except a member of the family, has a right to pass. In this partition above a broad oaken table, which serves as the bar, is cut an opening rather wide than lofty. On the table which is made sometimes with two or three shelves, may be seen, at the sides, the spirits on draught, at the back sealed bottles of various sizes, ranged in tiers behind the gap. In the front part of the izba, which is devoted to customers, the only furniture is a bench fixed all along the side of the walls, two or three empty barrels and a table in the corner below the holy ikon.

Village taverns look for the most part sombre enough, and on the bare wooden walls are seldom seen those rough, brightly coloured images called "loubot-chnyia," which no Russian hut would be without. When I entered a good number of people had already assembled.

Nicolai Ivanytch was at his bar, his broad, square figure filling almost the whole opening, and concealing the pyramid of sealed flasks in the background. He had a loose variegated cotton shirt on his body, and a lubricating smile on his fat cheeks; his white dimpled hands poured out a couple of glasses of spirits for his two friends Morgatch and Obaldouï, who had just entered. Behind him in a corner by the window, sat his wife, only half visible, an active partner in the master's glances of supervision.

In the middle of the public room was a thin, well-made man, of about three and twenty, clad in a long blue caftan. He looked like a factory hand, and a sturdy fellow, although his complexion by no means indicated a very hardy constitution. Flaccid cheeks, anxious grey eyes, a straight nose, with very mobile nostrils, a white sloping forehead adorned with canary-coloured curls which were kept back behind his ears, largish but fresh, expressive lips, combined to indicate an impetuous, passionate nature. He was in a great state of excitement: he kept opening and closing his eyes, he breathed unevenly, his arms trembled as if in a fever; indeed, he was in a fever—that fever of the nerves which those who sing or speak before an audience greedy for marvels know so well. This artist was Iachka (or James), nick-named the Turk. Close by him was a broad-shouldered man of forty. He had thick cheeks, a low forehead, narrow Tartar eyes, a short flat nose, a square chin, and black hair as hard and bright as horsehair. A glance at his brown leaden countenance with its palish lips, in the state of calm absorption which was now reflected on it, sufficed to show that it might easily wear a ferocious aspect, or had, in other circumstances, already worn it. Without the slightest movement this man was looking slowly around, as an ox looks from under the yoke. He had on an indescribable surtout, with flat copper buttons. A warm silk kerchief was round his thick muscular neck. He it was whom they nick-named Diki-Barin, the Wild Gentleman.

Opposite to him, on the corner of the bench, under the ikons, sat Iachka's rival, the contractor of the town of Jizdra. He was a man of medium height, but well set, and about thirty. He had reddish spots upon his face, a squat nose set on one side, little fish eyes of intense brilliancy, and a silky beard. His mien was bold and expressive. He sat with his hands wedged under his thighs, and as he lazily conversed, kept tapping first one foot and then the other upon the floor, thereby attracting attention to his boots with narrow red tops, which had undoubtedly a certain air of elegance. He had on a coat of fine grey cloth with a plush collar which set off vividly a red shirt neatly fastened at the neck by a couple of buttons.

In the other corner, to the right of the door, seated at the table was a strange moujik in an old grey greatcoat, a good deal torn at the right shoulder.

The sunlight piercing through the dusty panes of the two little front windows, flowed like a yellowish waterfall into the room, but could not get the better of its usual darkness.

The objects in it were thus so poorly illuminated that the light might be said to bring a stain wherever it fell. Indeed it was almost cool inside the tavern, and the fearful heat torture that the dogstar brings with it in the desert, of which I had so lately been a victim, ceased as if by enchantment the moment I had passed the threshold of this asylum.

(To be continued.)

Concerts.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

A second burst of acclamation, only less demonstrative than that of Monday night, greeted Herr Joachim's return to the Saturday concert, on the 6th inst. The concerted works were Mendelssohn's fine String Quartet in E minor, and Schubert's Trio in B flat, both of which were welcome for their beauty if not for their novelty. Messrs. Ries, Hollander, and Howell in the first, and Miss Zimmermann and Mr. Howell in the second, were perfectly satisfactory; and, needless to say, Herr Joachim led the works as he alone can. For his solo he chose Schumann's Fantasia in A minor, Op. 136, a composition of extreme difficulty, written especially for Herr Joachim, and one which, like all the later works of the composer, requires to be known in order to be appreciated. Like the rest of the productions of Schumann's Düsseldorf period, it has a certain gloom of manner that seems at first scarcely consistent with the brilliancy of the passages allotted to the solo instrument, and when the pianoforte accompaniment is substituted for that of the orchestra, its gaiety and effectiveness are not increased. Miss Zimmermann played three studies by Henselt in a style that was refreshing from the absence of affectation. Mr. Hirwen Jones, replacing Miss Liza Lehmann, previously announced, sang a beautiful song of Schubert's, called in the English version "Sad heart," but bearing no indication of its original title; and one of Mr. Clay's best songs, "My bark is ready." Both were given in excellent style.

The most interesting feature of last Monday's concert was the return of Signor Piatti, who received an ovation which was as well-deserved as it was enthusiastic. That this great artist would play again was more than at one time it seemed possible to hope for, but that the effects of his severe accident would so entirely pass away as to allow him to resume his work with no diminution of any of the qualities that mark his performance, seems little short of miraculous. Neither in Mozart's E minor quintet—the only concerted piece in the programme—nor in Veracini's *Largo and Allegro* could the slightest alteration in breadth of style, beauty of tone, or technical perfection be traced by the most acute listeners. In place of a second quartet, Schubert's *Rondeau brillant*, Op. 70, was played by Miss Zimmermann and Herr Joachim. It is so full of the composer's best characteristics that its comparative rarity of performance is a matter for surprise. Miss Zimmermann played Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien" in admirable style and with an unusual degree of *verve*. It is curious to find that the analysis in the book of words contains no mention of the "Marseillaise," the occurrence of which, in the first movement, is the whole point of the "Carnival jest." Can it be that the analyst thought it dangerous even to mention the tune in these seditious times? Miss Hope Glenn sang Gluck's "Vieni che poi sereno" in excellent style, as well as songs by Tchaikowski and Schumann.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The weekly concert at Sydenham last Saturday may be dismissed with brief record, the programme consisting wholly of familiar works. Conspicuous among these was Beethoven's Choral Symphony, a masterpiece strangely ignored by the society for which it was specially written, but one which Mr. Manns by occasional, and Herr Richter by regularly recurring performances have done a good deal to render familiar, not to say popular, amongst us. The symphony is beset with executive difficulties, the demands made, especially upon the chorists, being unusually onerous, but the exacting requirements of the work were most praiseworthy met, the three orchestral movements being finely played throughout, and the difficult choral music delivered by the Crystal Palace Choir with a vigour, steadiness, and precision which have not always hitherto characterized their achievements. A competent vocal quartet was forthcoming in Miss Amy Sherwin, Miss Annie Layton, Mr. Harper Kearton and Mr. Watkin Mills. Wagner was represented in both his earlier and latest moods by the Prayer from *Rienzi*, sung by Mr. Harper Kearton, and the Vorspiel to his last music-drama *Parsifal*, admirably interpreted by

the orchestra, the concert opening with the overture to Weber's *Der Freischütz* and including the Romance "Connais-tu le pays" from Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, pleasingly sung by Miss Amy Sherwin. To-day (Saturday) Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, composed for the Birmingham Festival is to be given for the first time at these performances, with Herr Gompertz as the solo instrumentalist.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Two novelties, very different in character and merit, were introduced at the first Philharmonic Concert of the season, given at St. James's Hall, on Thursday night, last week. The first, an "orchestral scene" by Mr. Henry Gadsby, entitled *The Forest of Arden*, was well received. It is a work distinguished by fresh, and at times, vigorous treatment; contemplative rather than dramatic. In a series of melodious themes, well worked out and happily orchestrated, Mr. Gadsby has succeeded in reviving certain associations connected with the memorable forest, without attempting to reproduce, musically, the incidents of the play from which he has obtained his inspiration. The leading characteristics and merits of the work were perhaps, most fully exemplified in the opening motive, the gracefulness of which the audience were quick to recognize. The hunting scene and the well contrasted intermezzo, went to complete an agreeable, albeit not very original, design. The other new work, a Violin Concerto in C, by Moszkowski, proffered apparently as an example of what is sometimes called the modern advanced school of music, is successful chiefly in producing the faults of incoherence with which the school in question has sometimes been unjustly charged. Tawdry instrumentation, and the worrying of long-winded themes in keys a semitone higher, piled one above the other, are no nearer to the style aimed at, than were the works of certain painters in Turner's later days, who flattered themselves they were following in the footsteps of that master by splashing red sunsets and drawing indifferent figures in their landscapes. It should be added, however, that the slow movement was an effective, even a passionate conception, the more welcome by reason of its irksome surroundings. Heavily handicapped by an overloaded orchestra, M. Tivadar Nachéz nevertheless rendered this part of the work with a fervour which aroused the flagging sympathies of the audience. The soloist fully availed himself of the opportunities afforded for technical display in the long cadenzas and flourishes which, written in the style of the old-fashioned show-piece, contrasted curiously with the modern mannerisms affected in the other portions of the concerto. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Cherubini's Overture *Les deux journées*, well played under Sir Arthur Sullivan, were also included in the programme. Madame Frickenhaus gave a correct, and not altogether uninspired reading of Schumann's Piano-forte Concerto; and Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli was the vocalist. She is an agreeable singer, but might have chosen a more interesting piece than her second air "Amour, va-t-en," from Auber's *Crown Diamonds*.

MR. CHARLES WADE'S CONCERT.

The last of Mr. Charles Wade's series of chamber concerts was given at the Princes' Hall, on the 5th inst. It is through these concerts that Mr. Wade has been introduced to the public, who have recognized in him a tenor of talent. With the assistance of good artists he has provided a musical entertainment above the ordinary average of benefit concerts. The nature of the musical fare will be understood when we mention that the programme included such composers as Rubinstein, Beethoven, Schubert, Gounod, and Cowen, whose compositions were effectively rendered by the concert-giver himself, Mr. Thorndike, and Miss Hilda Wilson. Owing to a sore throat, Miss Hamlin was unable to appear, but Miss Louise Phillips took her part with Miss Hilda Wilson in two duets by Miss Carmichael, and was also successful in Goring Thomas's "Chanson de Barberine" and other songs. Miss Fanny Davies again sustained her reputation as a pianist of considerable merit, in Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and "Sketches" by Maude V. White, whom she joined in the accompaniment to Brahms's "Liebes-Lieder-Walzer." As a *virtuoso* on the

violin, M. Tivadar Nachèz displayed much skill in the "Concerto Pathétique," in F sharp minor and "Elégie" of Ernst, and also in Bach's "Prelude in E," but we fear that it was owing to the length of time this artist occupied the platform that several numbers of Brahms's *lieder* had to be omitted.

MR. FRANKE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The third of the series of chamber music concerts organized by Mr. Hermann Franke, was given before a numerous audience at the Princes' Hall, on Tuesday, when prominence was again accorded to concerted vocal music; the second set of Brahms's "Liebes-Lieder-Walzer" and Schumann's "Spanisches Liederspiel" each finding a place in the programme. These were entrusted to Mr. Franke's recently-formed vocal quartet, the balance of which was disturbed by the indisposition of the soprano, Miss Hamlin, for whom, however, an efficient substitute was found in Miss Thekla Friedländer; Miss Lena Little reappearing as contralto, Mr. Winch as tenor, and Mr. Fisher as bass. Brahms's second cyclus of Love-Song-Waltzes, though not so popular as the earlier set, are marked by great beauty and individuality of style, and were listened to with obvious pleasure. Of the fifteen numbers which constitute the cyclus, seven are given to the four voices, one is scored for soprano and alto, seven solo numbers completing the list. The delivery of the concerted pieces was occasionally wanting in delicacy and refinement, the vocalists being generally heard at their best in the solo numbers. A specially noticeable effort was Miss Lena Little's artistic rendering of the alto solo, "Wahre, Wahre, deinen Sohn." Schumann's characteristic and melodious Spanish songs were given with the certainty which comes of familiar acquaintance and with a keener regard to the marks of expression than before. The concert opened with Mr. Hubert Parry's first Trio in E minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, an earnest and vigorous work which has already been heard at Mr. Charles Hallé's concerts and elsewhere, and which was very capably interpreted by Mr. Dannreuther, M. Emil Mahr, and Mr. B. Albert; and also included a Paraphrase, for violin and pianoforte, on the Good Friday melody from Wagner's *Parsifal*, written and played by M. Mahr, accompanied by Mr. H. Heydrick.

LONDON CHURCH CHOIR ASSOCIATION.

On the occasion of the thirteenth annual Festival of the London Church Choir Association, held at St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday evening, March 4, the vast building was crowded to excess. About 600 voices took part in the choral singing, distributed as follows:—250 trebles, 60 altos, 130 tenors, and 160 basses, deputed from the choirs of thirty-one churches in various parts of London and the suburbs. The new composition which it is the custom of the Association to produce at these annual gatherings was Mr. Alfred R. Gaul's, setting of the last Psalm, "O praise God in His holiness," written principally for chorus in eight voice parts. It was exceedingly well performed, and although it contains no exceptional difficulties, there are passages in it which exercise all the resources of a choir well trained but disproportionate as regards numbers. Some of the more delicate phrasing was slightly hidden by such an unwieldy number of voices, but on ordinary occasions this would not be the case. The best singing was in the majestic opening and animated finale in the key of C, intermediate numbers being an unaccompanied double chorus in the key of A flat, followed by a duet *animato* for tenor and bass and a semi-chorus in F, written in two parts for soprani, with single alto part, the climax of which is reached by the pompous finale in the original key. The whole forms a fair specimen of modern English Church music. The hymns and chants selected were mostly the compositions of the late J. R. Murray, for fourteen years choirmaster of the Association, to the benefit of whose widow and ten children the offertory was announced to be devoted, after paying the necessary expenses. Dr. Stainer's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in B flat were rendered in an impressive manner, under the composer's direction, and Dr. Martin presided at the organ. The Bishop of London preached an appropriate sermon, taking for his text Ephesians v., verse 19, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

"SLEEPING BEAUTY."

PARIS, Friday Evening.

A decided compliment was paid last night to English music in the person of Mr. F. H. Cowen, by the production of his cantata, *Sleeping Beauty*, at a concert given by the Concordia. This is an amateur choral society, the guiding spirit of which has evidently an eclectic taste rarely met with in France. The whole of the programme was devoted to foreign contemporary music, the first part comprising works by Rubinstein, Brahms, Grieg, Vieuxtemps, and Sarasate. The second part was taken up by Mr. Cowen's cantata, the accompaniment to which consisted of two pianos, double string quartet, and harp. It is scarcely necessary to point out how much the work of a composer so proficient in the art of orchestration as Mr. Cowen must lose in effect when performed under such circumstances, and it says much for the tunefulness of the *Sleeping Beauty* that it should, nevertheless, have produced a most favourable impression on foreign and impartial hearers. When the cantata was first brought out at the Birmingham Festival last August your readers were made fully acquainted both with Mr. Hueffer's thoughtful and poetical treatment of the old legend and with the new music by which its fantastic grace has been set off. Mr. Cowen's work is marked by a welcome absence of vulgarity and striving for effect. His themes have the charm of apparent spontaneity, the voices are invariably well cared for, and, above all, there is no imitation of any other man's style. Mr. Cowen was fortunate in his principal interpreter, Madame Fuchs, on whom devolved the chief soprano part, and who sang the elegant solo, "Whither away, my heart?" in admirable style. This lady, an amateur, is a highly accomplished vocalist, the purity of whose delivery might well be envied by many professional singers. The tuneful ballad of the Wicked Fay, "As I sit at my spinning wheel," was also sung with great effect by Madame Lalo, the wife of the composer, while the basso, M. Audran, used his fine voice to good purpose. The choruses were fairly well executed by the amateur members of the society, and Mr. Cowen, who conducted in person, was warmly applauded at the conclusion of the work. I have quoted the English words as being familiar to your readers, but I should mention that the work was sung to a French version by Mdlle. Augusta Holmès, who is herself a composer of some note.—*Daily Telegraph*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Italian opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre came to a premature and somewhat sensational close on Saturday evening. The quality of the opening performance, noticed in *The Times* a week ago, made it easy to foresee a similar consummation. No one, however, could have predicted a scene such as has perhaps never been witnessed in an English theatre and, let us trust, will never be witnessed again. As that scene, for the present at least, marks the final stage of Italian opera in this country, and therefore has a kind of historic significance, it will be well to state briefly what occurred. The announcement that Gounod's *Faust* would be given had drawn a very large audience, which filled the cheaper parts of the house to overflowing. At first everything seemed to promise an enjoyable evening. It is true that Signor Vizzani was found to be a very indifferent Faust, but Signor Vidal, a good singer and an excellent actor, produced a favourable impression as Mephistopheles, and Mr. Walter Bolton's Valentine satisfied the modest demands of a Saturday night audience. No wonder, therefore, that the curtain fell on the Kermesse scene amid thunders of applause. A very long pause followed, while the gallery, suspecting at first nothing worse than the usual dilatoriness of operatic scene shifters, beguiled by singing "Wait till the clouds roll by," and other popular ditties humorously adapted to the situation. In the meantime many seats in the orchestra remained empty, and presently a voice was heard to say "I professori non sono pagati," which statement, being interpreted to the effect that the band not having been paid refused to play, and travelling from the first row of the stalls to all parts of the house, produced a perfect roar of indignation. Seriously wronged as the members of the orchestra no doubt were, it is impossible to approve of their conduct in bringing their grievance before the public at the risk of serious disturbance, and we were glad to see Mr. Val Nicholson, Mr. Ould, Mr. White, and other leading artists faithful to their post. To his diminished forces Signor Mascheroni, the conductor, gave the sign to begin the prelude to the next act. But the public refused to be satisfied, and even after the curtain had risen on Margaret's garden, indignant calls for "the manager" and for "an explanation" continued to resound from pit and galleries. To a young Russian lady, said to be a novice on the stage, belongs the honour of having saved the situation at

this juncture. Undisturbed by the threatening aspect of the house, Mdle Alexandra Bojenko came forward to the footlights, and by her graceful, though necessarily mute, appeals to the chivalrous instincts of the crowd, secured silence for Siebel's address to the flowers, which was followed by a well-deserved burst of approval. The act was then allowed to continue in peace. Mdle. Dalti (Margaret) entered and sang the "King of Thule" and her duet with Faust, showing herself possessed of a sympathetic voice and of considerable histrionic power. Serious criticism of the performance, accompanied by an orchestra without clarinets and with a single flute, would of course be impossible. The wonder was that, to use Dr. Johnson's words, "it was done at all." Again the curtain fell amid rapturous applause, and again an interminable "wait" ensued. By this time the audience had fairly lost its temper, and the groans and angry calls waxed louder and louder. When the tumult was at its highest the stage manager stepped forward and declared that the scene-shifters, not having received their money, refused to work, and that, therefore, the performance would terminate with "God save the Queen." But even this modest sop to the Cerberus of excited feeling was not vouchsafed. The curtain rose once more, and on the stage, drawn up in double file, were seen a number of supers and other *employés*, female and male, partly in their ordinary dress and partly in their theatrical costumes. Instead of intoning the National Anthem they made pitiful appeals to the audience for the pay of which they had been defrauded by the manager. Coins were thrown and scrambled for in wild confusion, no one making the slightest attempt to put an end to the disgraceful proceedings, which lasted for upwards of half an hour. After this the few persons remaining in the stalls began to leave the house, but they were met in the passage by the occupants of the gallery clamouring for their entrance-money and for the manager, who, of course, was nowhere to be found. Some rough horse-play now ensued in the lobbies of the house; carpets were pulled up, and one or two lamps broken. Fortunately the crowd, like most English crowds, was good-humoured, having probably derived more amusement from the exciting incidents of the evening than the finest performance of Gounod's masterpiece could have afforded. The mischief to life and property that might have been done under different circumstances is incalculable, the theatre being at the absolute mercy of the excited audience from eleven at night till one in the morning, when the last stragglers dispersed. What must have struck intelligent foreigners on and off the stage more than anything else was the happy-go-lucky state of indifference displayed by "the authorities;" no policeman was anywhere to be seen, and this after the recent experience in Pall-mall and Mayfair! Abroad the very origin of the disorder would have been impossible. In France and Germany a manager has to deposit a certain sum by way of caution-money before beginning his performances; in London he can take the largest theatre he can find without any question as to his solvency being asked; and there is every reason to doubt whether the criminal law can touch him for cheating singers, scene-shifters, and the public of their money. Artistically speaking the riotous proceedings of Saturday will probably be remembered as the ignominious end of an institution for two centuries the most fashionable in England. Italian opera in the Haymarket has always been an unlucky speculation. From the great Handel downwards one manager has succeeded another on the royal road to bankruptcy. Covent-garden is a circus; the sooner Her Majesty's Theatre is turned into a post-office or any other respectable place of business, the better.—*The Times*.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, March 13.—10 a.m.: Service (Arnold) in B flat; Anthem, No. 18 (Ps. lxxxvi. 1), Byrde, "Bow Thine ear." 3 p.m.: Service (Arnold) in B flat; Anthem, No. 445 (Eccles. iii. 20), Wesley, "All go to one place."

SUNDAY, March 14 (*First Sunday in Lent*).—10 a.m.: Service, Benedicite (Turle and Bridge) in D; Jub. and Contri. (Turle); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 118. 3 p.m.: Service (Walmisley) in D minor; Anthem, No. 330 (Ps. lxxxvi. 12), Mendelssohn, "I praise Thee"; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, No. 116. 7 p.m.: Service in Choir.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

The young Scotch pianist, Mr. F. Lamond, will give three recitals in Princes' Hall, on March 26 and 30, and April 2.

At the opening concert of the London Musical Society (April 7) Mr. C. V. Stanford's Birmingham oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, will be heard for the first time in London. Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton will be the solo vocalists, and Mr. Barnby will conduct.

Miss Holland's Choir, a small but energetic body of amateurs, gave its first concert this year on Thursday last week at Dudley House.

The programme comprised three works almost unknown in London—the first part of Mr. Stanford's oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, a new choral song by Mr. Eaton Faning, and a cantata for baritone solo and male chorus by Edvard Grieg. Mr. Stanford's work seemed rather beyond the resources at Miss Holland's disposal; Mr. Faning's little work, "The Four Winds," is much more within the scope of the choir, who, under the composer's guidance, sang with far more spirit and effect than in their more ambitious venture. Mr. Faning's choral song shows considerable advance upon his former efforts. The third novelty, Grieg's short cantata, is a setting of the well-known legend of Olaf Trygvason's voyage in search of the earthly paradise which was said to exist in the Arctic regions. It is very slight in form, but singularly effective. Though it has been published some years it is curious that it should not have been hitherto heard in public; indeed, works for male chorus seem to have dropped out of the repertoires of our choral societies.

An interesting performance of Handel's *Saul* took place at Union Chapel, Islington, on the 2nd inst., under the direction of Mr. Williamson. The soli were effectively rendered by Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. John Probert, and Mr. W. H. Brereton. Mr. Fountain Meen presided at the organ.

It is intended to give a series of orchestral concerts on a large scale at St. James's Hall during next winter. They will be sixteen in number, and will take place on Wednesday afternoons and evenings. The conductor will be a well-known musician whose name must for the present remain unmentioned.

With his other qualifications, M. Carillon, the latest and probably the last manager at Her Majesty's Theatre, combines a distinct vein of humour. When the poor scene-shifters went to his lodgings they were told that he had left the house stating that "he was going out to pay certain bills." We positively rejoice to see that amongst those whose bills M. Carillon had forgotten to settle were "even" the police, as Sergeant Franklin indignantly remarked in court. What did the police want to be paid for? For lying *perdu* while a justly indignant mob did with the theatre as it listed from eleven o'clock on Saturday night to the small hours of Sunday? Bravo! Carillon; this atones for much.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Tuesday.—This city was in quite a flutter of excitement yesterday. In the autumn of 1884, The Bath Philharmonic Society was formed under the direction of Mr. Albert Visetti. The vigour with which that gentleman initiated schemes for the advancement of musical culture, and the enterprise he evinced in giving effect to them, secured the support of all interested in such matters, and resulted in the establishment of an influential and, artistically speaking, healthy body. Having been practising now for nearly two seasons, and having already given several high-class entertainments, they determined to attempt a concert of more ambitious character, and accordingly decided upon the production (for the first time in Bath) of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch," and they further resolved that it should be rendered in a manner suitable to the requirements of so fine a composition. It should be mentioned that Sir Arthur had some time ago accepted the title of President of the Society, and he was therefore invited to conduct the performance. Upon Sir Arthur Sullivan's arrival in the morning he was welcomed at the station by the Mayor, Mr. Anthony Hammond, and the chairman of the Society, General Benson, accompanied by the members of the committee, and was by them conducted to the Assembly Rooms. After an interval—devoted to the proffering and acceptance of hospitality—the rehearsal took place, and that being concluded, a general reception was held for the purpose of introducing resident musicians and others—members of the Society, &c.—to the distinguished President. The demand for tickets for the concert had been so great that the rehearsal was thrown open to the holders of tickets of moderate price, resulting in a well-filled room. At eight o'clock, when the concert itself commenced, there was not a seat to be had or a book of words to be purchased. The solo vocalists were Mrs. Hutchinson, who at very short notice took the place of Miss Gertrude Griswold, absent through indisposition, Miss Grace Damian, Mr. Edward Lloyd, who created the part at Leeds in 1880, and Mr. Albert Reakes, a gold medalist of the London Academy. The excellence of the band may be taken for granted by a perusal of the names of the performers: the principals were Messrs. Carrodus, E. H. Hann, J. Reynolds, C. and E. Ould, O. Svensden, H. Lemon, J. Egerton, W. Wotton, Morton, junr., W. Ellis, J. E. Mann, C. Hadfield, F. Lee, V. Chaine, Middleditch, and Lockwood. There not being space for the "king of instruments," an American organ was substituted, played by the society's accompanist, Mr. H. J. Davis. Of the performance—a first-rate one—it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Mr. Lloyd, in the tenor music, renewed former successes; Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Damian showed how well they could fill the places of the original singers of their parts—Mmes. Albani and Patey; and Mr. Reakes amply vindicated his selection as the exponent of the bass soli. The chorus sang with precision and correctness of intonation, the Funeral Anthem not dropping the least in pitch. Everything and everybody was greatly applauded, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and, later, Mr. Visetti,

who conducted the second part of the concert, receiving a special ovation. The second part of the programme commenced with the overture to Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and concluded with Nicolai's "Merry Wives." It also contained the "Lost Chord," with band accompaniment, and conducted by the composer, for Miss Damian; Clay's "Song of Araby," by Mr. Lloyd; and the "Andante and Finale," from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, played by Mr. Carrodus. After the concert a handsome silver claret jug was presented to Sir Arthur Sullivan by the ladies of the Society. Sir Arthur Sullivan, in reply, alluded to the good qualities of the performance, saying that his work had never received a better rendering, and at the same time referring to one or two points capable of improvement. The speaker added a high tribute to the patient perseverance and painstaking teaching of Mr. Visetti, who acknowledged the compliment.

BRADFORD (Yorkshire).—The Subscription Concerts which have risen from the ancient Bradford Musical Festivals were concluded for the 1885-86 season on Friday last. Mr. Hallé and his band of seventy, Professor Joachim, and Mr. Winch were the performers in a programme which included Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and the Beethoven Violin Concerto. In the latter Herr Joachim was heard to rare advantage in the acoustically-perfect but villainously draughty St. George's Hall. He put the band "on its mettle," and with the exception of a few passages the orchestral playing was irreproachable. His other selections were the "Adagio," from Spohr's Concerto 11, two pieces by Schumann, and a Bach Gavotte. There was a suspicion of carelessness about the playing of the familiar Schubert Symphony. Rubinstein's ballet music from *Feramos*, Gade and Weber Overtures, and a Glinka Scherzo, were excellently played. Mr. Winch was appreciated as a most artistic vocalist. He had least success with the "Rienzi" prayer, and most with Jensen's "Murmelndes Lüftchen." The artistic results of the season thus closed are, compared with the average of previous ones, rather low. With £600 or £700 in hand and a substantial guarantee list, the committee were in a position to extend their efforts, and there was some desire that modern novelties should be brought forward. There has been a dearth of these, however, both in the choral and orchestral departments. The *Faust* concert was a third repetition; one of Cherubini's masses and Benedict's "St. Cecilia" were the other choral works produced; while the instrumental programmes have shown but little that is new. Many of the leading vocalists have been engaged; and for a ballad concert Madame Trebelli's party were associated with Señor Sarasate and Signor Bottesini. The committee have a good round sum in hand (probably about £1000) with which to begin next season, and with this pleasant encumbrance they will be compelled to widen the scope of their next prospectus.—An interesting orchestral concert in Bradford Technical College on Monday evening brought out that *rara avis*, a local band, and withal one of promising culture. It was organized for the occasion, and conducted by Mr. W. B. Sewell, under the instructions of ladies interested in benefiting the Wakefield Bishopric Fund. Mozart's Symphony, No. 1, in D, and the Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music were very creditably done, as was also the better part of Ponchielli's "Gioconda" ballet music. The "Wood Nymphs" overture was absolutely well played, and a good essay was made with Cowen's "Gavotte" from the Flowers Suite. Mr. S. Midgley and the orchestra gave Mendelssohn's Capriccio, Op. 22, well. The band had but two rehearsals, and it clearly proved that there is the material for a good orchestra in the town if a man could be found to undertake the moulding of it.

BRIGHTON.—M. de Pachmann will give a pianoforte recital at Brighton on Monday afternoon next, under the auspices of Mr. Frank S. Olver. The programme will comprise Weber's Sonata in E minor, Op. 70; Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 13; and selections from Chopin and Henselt. Miss M. Macintyre will sing the song, "Gentle Dove," from *Colomba*.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Cambridge Universal Musical Society announce a grand choral and orchestral concert to be given next Friday in the large room of the Guildhall. Dr. Joachim has kindly promised to co-operate, and the programme will include: Schumann's Symphony in C, Op. 61; C. H. H. Parry's Choral Ode from *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*; Beethoven's Violin Concerto; Joachim's Elegiac Overture; and Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm.

GLASGOW.—The concert given by the young pianist, Mr. Frederic Lamond, being the last was also the most important event not only of this but of many past weeks. Mr. Lamond gave his first pianoforte recital in this country in the Queen's Rooms last night, where he was welcomed by a densely-crowded audience, inclined at first to be cautiously civil, but eventually wildly demonstrative in the expression of astonishment and enthusiastic approval. Accounts from Vienna and Berlin had certainly raised expectation to an extent which might have proved dangerous to a less genuinely gifted and original artist. In Vienna, Mr. Lamond's first recital consisted entirely of compositions by Beethoven, the second of works by Brahms, and critics have there expressed themselves in the highest terms as to his attainments. He is described as the young "apostle of Brahms," and a specialist in the best sense of the word in the rendering of this

master's works. The programme here included Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Paganini, Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Polonaise in A flat, Impromptu in F sharp, Berceuse, and Nocturne in C minor, also Liszt's "Lucrezia" Fantasia and "Mazeppa" Etude, and a Romance by Mr. Lamond himself, remarkable, like his playing, for strength and originality. Mr. Lamond is a master of technique, is unfailingly accurate, has great warmth and poetic feeling, and an extraordinary grasp of the intellectual side of his art. The general opinion here is that the world may expect great things from this young musician. He gives a second concert here on the 19th, and goes then to London, where he will give three recitals.—A concert was given on Friday, March 5, in Govanhill Burgh, in aid of the fund for the erection of a new Baptist church. An oratorio, entitled *Christ and His Soldiers*, by Mr. John Farmer, was the principal item on the programme. The choruses were effectively rendered, and Miss G. Park (soprano) and Miss A. J. McCallum (contralto) were both highly successful with their solos. Mr. H. Horsfield proved a painstaking conductor.—On March 22, The Philomel Choral Society, conductor, Mr. J. Seligmann, will produce Sullivan's cantata, "On Sea and Shore," and also his "Trial by Jury."

LEEDS.—Mr. F. Kilvington Hattersley has been asked to compose an orchestral overture expressly for the next Leeds Musical Festival. Mr. Hattersley entered the Royal Academy for Music in January, 1881. He obtained the Balfe Scholarship and the Charles Lucas Medal for composition. Among his works which have been performed at St. James's Hall, in London, are a symphony, orchestral overture, 137th Psalm, and a dramatic cantata.

LIVERPOOL.—The second of Mr. Ross's afternoon orchestral concerts on the 6th inst. proved even more successful than the first, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large audience was gathered in the small concert room at St. George's Hall. Demersmann's Fantasia, "Une fête à Aranjuez" was the opening piece, and it received the fullest justice from the very capable orchestra. Cowen's graceful little gavotte, "Yellow Jasmine," followed, and the first part was brought to a close with Gustav Ernest's Dramatic Overture, which, as will be remembered, gained the Philharmonic Society's prize last year. The admirable intention of this piece, and the solid and musicianlike lines upon which it runs, are worthy of all praise, but its sombreness and an apparent straining after the unattainable scarcely form qualities which betoken a prolonged existence. Mr. Ross, however, deserves every credit for his patriotic spirit in introducing a British novelty at the earliest opportunity to his audience, for the Philharmonic Society, which arrogates to itself the paternal supervision of matters musical in Liverpool, in its anxiety to present nothing which may prove unworthy, generally manages to bring forward a "new" work some years after every other respectable organization in the country has produced it. "Summer Day in Norway," a descriptive piece of no special art value, opened the second half of the programme, and Auber's "Marco Spada" Overture, which closed the list, proved so attractive that the attention of the audience was riveted until the concluding bar. Miss Du Bédá made a favourable first appearance. Mr. Barton McGuckin, who was in excellent voice, gave Sullivan's graceful "Come, Margarita, come," from the *Martyr of Antioch*, and also "The Prize Song," from *Die Meistersinger*. A flute solo by Mr. V. L. Needham proved another highly acceptable item, and went far to show that we have in this gentleman an artist who, with time and opportunity, will take a place among the best known masters of the instrument. Mr. Edward Grime also contributed a couple of solos in capital style.—Notwithstanding the outcry of religious bigots—who must have a very poor idea of the attractive powers of their particular forms of worship—the Council has decided by a majority of one to open the St. George's Hall organ for Sunday afternoon recitals on a six months' trial. Mr. Best will, of course, undertake the direction, and the programme will equally, of course, include only sacred pieces. As the admission will be free, there can surely be no question as to the popular verdict upon the experiment.—On Monday, the 22nd inst., Mr. J. W. Turner's English Opera Company will commence a week's engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, and Mr. Rosa's short spring season at his own theatre, the Royal Court, will commence on April 12. This will lead us gently up to the beginning of May, when the opening of the Shipping Exhibition, whereat music is to play a very important part, will again provide ample matter for the chronicler.

MANCHESTER.—The last miscellaneous concert of the season given by Mr. C. Hallé at the Free Trade Hall on Thursday, last week, was an event of more than ordinary importance here, in consequence of Herr Joachim's first appearance before a Manchester audience this year. His reception was as enthusiastic as is invariably the case on such occasions, and the hall was densely crowded. The violinist's masterly rendering of Spohr's Concerto, No. 7, in E minor, made a great impression. He also played the familiar "Trillo del Diavolo" of Tartini. The programme, which was an exceptionally liberal one, included Overtures to *Zauberflöte* and *Ruy Blas*, Pastoral Symphony, *Saint-Saëns's Poème Symphonique*, *Phaeton*, and "Rhapsodie Norvégienne" in B, Op. 17, No. 1, by Svendsen. The latter was a novelty here, and left a desire for further acquaintance. Miss Marriott was the vocalist, and in

an air from *Idomeneo*, and Elsa's song from *Lohengrin*, produced a veritable sensation, as is best evidenced by the enthusiastic tone of the daily journals, one of which, the Manchester Guardian, goes so far as to write: "Of Miss Marriott's performance we hardly venture to say what we really thought; but we doubt whether any English singer—and, indeed, few outside of England—could have surpassed her performance last evening. Each of her selections demanded vocal qualifications of the highest class. The great song from *Fidelio* was years ago, and in her best time, often given here by Madame Tietjens. Miss Marriott's effort, with the remembrance of this in our mind, did not seem too bold; and we may honestly say that in spite of trifling defects we have heard no more promising English vocalist for many years."—At the previous concert, Dr. Villiers Stanford's oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," was given, the composer himself conducting. The work and its composer were enthusiastically received. No pains had been spared to make the performance successful, and Dr. Stanford had himself rehearsed the band and chorus. The solo singers were Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Lloyd, Bridson, Clifford Hallé, Hilton, and Barrow.

NORWICH.—On Thursday evening, March 4, Madame Trebelli and party gave a well-attended concert here under the auspices of Messrs. Howlett and Son. There was no lack of enthusiasm, as nearly two-thirds of the programme had to be repeated. The system of encores almost every piece and insisting upon a repetition has seldom been carried so far. Madame Trebelli was in capital voice and gave Gluck's "Vieni che poi sereno," "Habanera," from Bizet's *Carmen*, and the vocal gavotte (from *Mignon*). There was sufficient variety to please all tastes. Miss Carlotta Elliot sang with care and taste; Mr. Guy and Mr. Maybrick were very successful in their efforts; Mons. Hollman surprised the audience by his complete mastery of his instrument (the violoncello); and Signor Bisaccia acted as accompanist and solo pianist with skill and tact.—The Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union announce for their next concert the "Peasants' Cantata," by J. S. Bach, which was performed at the Bow and Bromley Institute a few years ago. This is likely to prove most interesting to the members and the public, as the music is most melodious and has all the freshness of the present century.

YORK.—Berlioz's *Faust* was performed here last week. The band and some of the performers were the same as at the Leeds performance a fortnight ago. Generally, it was a nearer approach to a satisfactory rendering.

FOREIGN.

Liszt is expected in Paris at the end of next week, *en route* for London. The painter Munkacsy will hold a grand reception in his honour, and the *Granter Messe* is to be performed at the Eglise St. Eustache.

BRUSSELS, March 6.—The production of the new opera, *Saint Mégrin*, by the brothers Hillemacher, last Tuesday, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, has proved an event of sufficient importance to merit the addition of a few details to the brief announcement I was able to send you last week. In Tuesday's performance we again have an instance of a French opera which after failing to obtain acceptance in Paris, has found an asylum on Belgian soil, and M. Verdhurt may now be congratulated upon the result of his courage and sagacity. The system of collaboration which has been successfully adopted in various branches of literature, notably the dramatic, has not generally found favour with musicians. The obvious difficulty however in the way of achieving a division not only of labour but of fancy, and above all of musical fancy, may be supposed to be reduced to a minimum in the case of brothers, and the theory seems to obtain some support from this latest outcome of fraternal collaboration. The libretto of *Saint Mégrin*, written by MM. Adenis and Dubruel is founded upon, and follows closely, Dumas's drama, *Henri III et sa cour*; the substitution of spoken dialogue for recitative is generally felt to produce an incongruous effect in a work of this kind, and must be pronounced a distinct blemish. The composers' predilection for modern resources became at once apparent when the orchestral prelude gave out the two "leading motives," suggestive respectively of the love episodes, and of the furious jealousy of Balafré. In the first act, a duet between Saint Mégrin and the Duchesse de Guise is the most interesting feature. The second act, preceded by an effective Entr'acte, comprises the most successful portion of the opera, including a serenade, and the song of Joyeuse, followed by the entrance of the Duc de Guise, and a stirring warlike chorus. The dramatic situations of the third act, the final ball scene at the Louvre, with its characteristic ballet music and brilliant mounting, the love duet, and the tragic conclusion when Saint Mégrin meets his death before the eyes of Mme. de Guise—all these confirmed the success already achieved, and brought the opera to an impressive termination. The principal solo parts were entrusted to Mlle. Cécile Mézeray and M. Furst, the latter as Saint Mégrin achieving a marked success. M. Renaud sustained the part of Balafré. The other characters were represented by Mmes. Wolf, Bolle, and Barbot, M. Boyer, and MM. Devriès and Nerval. The excellent work done by chorus and orchestra, under the direction of M. Joseph Dupont, largely contributed to the success. The career of the brothers Hillemacher, of which the *Progrès artistique* recently gave some interesting details, furnishes a remarkable example of the irresistible assertion of artistic proclivities in spite of dis-

couragement and outside obstacles. The elder brother, Paul Joseph Wilhelm, was born at Paris, on the 25th of November, 1852, and early gave signs of musical capacity. He started at the Conservatoire, in Bazin's class for harmony and composition, and later completed his musical education under Samuel David. In 1873 he gained the prize for fugue, and in the same year the second grand Prix de Rome. Patiently pursuing his studies for another three years, he obtained, in 1876, the first Prix de Rome, and shortly afterwards returned from Italy with his brother Lucien, when the period of collaboration commenced. Lucien was born in Paris on the 10th of January, 1860, and in his case the adoption of a musical career was attended with more difficulty. The father, not wishing that both sons should embark in the same profession, originally destined the younger for the navy, and actually placed him at a college at Brest, that he might there pursue his preparatory studies. Within a fortnight, however, yielding to earnest entreaties, he brought Lucien back to Paris, and finally consented to his entering the Conservatoire. Lucien's success was brilliant and rapid. In 1878 he obtained the first prize for harmony, in 1879 the second Prix de Rome, and in 1880, when not quite twenty years old, the first. The earliest work produced by the brothers in collaboration was the "symphonic legend," *Lorlet*, which gained the grand prize of Paris in 1882, and was given at the Châtelet, under the direction of M. Lamoureux. It should be added that the brothers Hillemacher come of an artistic stock. Their father was a painter of repute, and one of their uncles an engraver; a daughter of the latter gaining the first violin prize at the Conservatoire.

LIEPZIG.—Programme of the twentieth concert (Neues Gewandhaus): Suite (No. 5, C minor), Franz Lachner—introduction and allegro—menuetto—andante—scherzo—finale; Recit. and Air, by Haydn (Frau Emma Baumann); Adagio, from Concerto for harp and orchestra, by Carl Reinecke (Herr Edmund Schuëcker); Songs (a.) "Das Veilchen," by Mozart, (b.) "Das Ringlein," by Chopin, (c.) "O Danke nicht für Diese Lieder," by Robert Franz (Frau Baumann); Symphony (No. 4, D minor), by Robert Schumann.—The "Euterpe" held its sixth and last concert, March 3, in the old Gewandhaus. "Scenes from Goethe's Faust," Robert Schumann, was in the programme. The soloists were Frau Auguste Böhme-Köhler, Frlns. Jenny Klengel, Gertrude Carus, Eugénie Leuckart, Alma Kühn, Herren Carl Diersch, Adolf Schulze, of Berlin, and Rud. von Milde, of Weimar. Kapellmeister Dr. Paul Klengel conducted as usual, and was rewarded for his efforts by the success which the performance attained. Special credit is also due to the choruses, which were excellent.—Anton Rubinstein has already announced his intention of giving free tickets for his seven recitals, to all the musical professors here. The first question one is now asked is, "have you got your tickets for Rubinstein?" "No." "Well if you are not quick about it you will not find a seat left."—Mendelssohn's *Antigone* is announced for March, at the Neues Theater. Gluck's *Alceste*, and Rubinstein's *Maccabaer* are being rehearsed. The latter opera will be performed during the composer's visit to Leipzig.

PARIS, March 8.—Some journals here have indulged in sarcastic comments upon the recent celebration at the Grand Opéra of the fiftieth anniversary of the *Huguenots*. The *Ménestrel* for instance, remarks: "It is always imprudent to awaken recollections of a glorious past, by inviting comparisons with a miserable present. The date of this anniversary would doubtless have passed unnoticed had we not been reminded of it; and, considering all circumstances, would this not have been much better? Without wishing to disparage the well-meaning artists who took part in the representation of the 1st of March, it was surely placing them in an unfair position, to call up beside them the illustrious shades of a Nourrit or a Levasseur, of a Falcon or a Dorus."—A concert for the presentation of "contemporaneous foreign music" was given last Thursday, at the Salle Erard, by the "Concordia," an excellent amateur choral society. The first part was devoted to a selection from such composers as Rubinstein, César Cui, Tschaiakowski, Liszt, Grieg, Dvorak, Clara Schumann, Brahms, and Sarasate. In the second part, a performance, which will be very interesting to your English readers, was given of Cowen's cantata, *Sleeping Beauty*. The work, conducted by the composer, was most favourably received, and was admirably interpreted by Mmes. Henriette Fuchs, J. Lalo, E. de Visme, MM. Lecler, Baudouin-Bugnet, and Cornubert, and the choir of the "Concordia." M. Charles René was accompanist, and M. Ch. M. Widor co-operated.

VIENNA.—Miss Harkness, a young violinist, well known amongst you, has made a very favourable impression in Vienna. She appears here under the name of Senkrah—a name arrived at, as you will perceive, by means of what is called an anagram, and adopted probably for the purpose of giving it a kind of Czech or Hungarian appearance. However that may be, she played Mendelssohn's Concerto remarkably well, and was even more successful in Tschaiakowski's *Sérénade mélancolique*, and a piece by Godard.—The Heckmann Quartet have recently given a well attended concert, at which Schumann's A major, Brahms's C minor, and Beethoven's "Rasoumowski" in F were the principal features.—At the opera, Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* has been produced, which, although a little old-fashioned, is a masterpiece of its kind, and at any rate an improvement upon Nessler's silly *Trompeter von Säckingen*, which has been rampant here for some time past.

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